



TEAGUE'S

Ramble to London.

I Am a poor Irish Lad,
And lately come from home,
They tell me I'm born to be rich,
For I've hairs grows under my thumb.
Tol, lol, &c.

My father works in the Bogs,
My mother lives by the pelf;
And the devil a hard days work,
Has poor Teague e'er done himself.

When first up to London I came,
I never could think of work,
But at the court end of the town,
I many a day did lurk.

There I met my cousin Mac Sheene,
Mr. Garrifin, Mr. Quin too;
A couple of honest Irish Lads,
The devil a harm they knew.

We tramt to Mary-le-Bone,
And thro' St. Giles's, where
I soon got up in the town,
For they made me a pike-officer.

They gave me two corks and a fork,
And told me 'twas nine-pence a day;
And now bad luck to Dublin and Cork,
For I am a making of hay.

But hay-making time being over,
And Paddy no work could get,
Good people attend, I'll discover,
How they frighted Teague out of his
Wits.

For robbing to Newgate was led,
And there I was ty'd to a cart;
From thence unto Paddington Fair,
And there broke poor Paddy's heart.

So now poor Paddy is gone,
And whoever this news does impart,
Poor Paddy is gone to heaven
At the wrong end of the cart.

